

Jan

*Ben L. Fox*

# The Gleaner



OCTOBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED FOURTEEN

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# The Gleaner

VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1914

No. 12



## Literae

LOUIS KASKIN *Editor*

### THE HORROR OF WAR

The moon cast a glance at a dreary  
home,  
Where a mother sat a-sighing,  
And in the corners here and there;  
Could be heard the children crying.

Then he heaved a sigh on a bloody  
field,  
Where a father lay a-dying,  
And in the trenches here and there;  
Could be heard his comrades cry.

One anguished shriek then a voice  
arose,  
"Oh! smile at the one who is weep-  
ing,  
And tell her that with the rising  
sun,  
Beneath the sod I'll be sleeping.

Dark shadows fell over the moon  
above,  
For no longer dared he to look on  
Such dreary sights everywhere;  
So he whipped up his horse and  
was gone.

The Sun then rose o'er a harvest  
field,  
His eyes fell on a widow reaping,  
And far away in a distant land;  
Neath the sod lay a hero sleeping.

But with peace and a smile the sun  
shone on,  
For such scenes had he seen before,  
So he tried to cheer up a broken  
heart,  
Which was wrecked by the horrors  
of war.

Abe Ehoodin, '16.

## GLENWOOD HALL IMPRESSIONS

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### Sketch I.

I paid my first visit to this notable summer resort during the hot month of July. The impressions I gained are now among valued remembrances. To be anywhere near exact, it was teeming with life. The tree-lined lane leading to the Hall from Pottstown Road was crowded with automobiles and vehicles of various descriptions. The walks too, had their ample shade of well dressed visitors. All presented a state of active animation. An immense throng of the sweet tooth type crowded the buffet. I had entered the domains of a different sphere. All the serious aspects of life were not visible. All motion here was voluntary. Knitted brows and hard drawn mouths were obliterated. The fatigue of work and the dull cares of business were absent to all external appearances. All seemed to exult and congratulate themselves on having exchanged the intolerable heat of the city for the cool breezes of the country. As I approached nearer musical strains from the dance hall vibrated through the air and resounded through the grove. "Well," I thought to myself, "all that suggests comfort and health seems to feature in the accommodation of this place. This is indeed an enchanted medium."

### Sketch II.

On a cool September day I paid my second visit to the aforemen-

tioned summer place. Nowhere did July form a more vivid contrast with September than I beheld here. All seemed intact, and yet how changed! The lane and walks were empty and deserted. Not a sound from within the vast hall disturbed the solitude. All thrills of laughter and merriment were extinct. The frequented paths of July now bore no signs of immediate human presence. The doors and windows were bolted, locked and secured. Scattered newspapers, broken bottles, torn cards and an abundance of cigar stubs were the signs of former habitation. I loitered around the place till at last I found myself in front of a sign: "The Famous Ajaxa Healing Spring." I stood there for a few minutes lost in profound contemplation. If the water oozing out from the spigot end at a single stroke of the handle could only talk. What remarkable tales it might unfold! What voluminous implications for the scribbler! Has it run for rods or miles under the stratas of rock? What chemical combinations take place before it becomes mineral water?

From this reverie I was disturbed by a gray squirrel. The little capitalist was so intent on gathering hickory nuts that he came right near me. I was amused to see how terror doubled his agility. He



sure lost no time making the home run.

Leaving the spot I continued till a wire fence obstructed my passage. A multitude of yards below me the Perkiomen was winding placidly onward. Prominent amidst this natural scenery was a protruding black and white sign: "Boats to Hire." Night was coming on, so taking a last look at the valley below me I retraced my steps. It was on my return that I found a relic of summer time. Nothing more or less than two sheets of letter paper, saved from destruction by the weeds among which they nestled. The reader may trust me to have eliminated names, addresses, and other clauses or sentences that might lead to the identification of parties concerned. The remaining contents are here faithfully transcribed:

"I suppose you know by this time that my sudden leave-taking was due to no other reason than financial depression. If I am to follow the dictates of my conscience I must abandon all elegant pretensions. If fraud, deception is imperative to success, I am content to be a failure.

Your deductions show remarkable lack of sound judgment. I think if Hypatia herself came to life again she would find in you a serious rival. Moreover, if I formed any opinions about you while at Glenwood I am sure I took pains not to express them? Are you conscious of being a fool? A

woman is never a fool until she admits it herself.

Your antipathy for the masculine element of society may mean much or little. Generally antipathies may be regarded as the outgrowth of a narrow, illiberal nature. Their root lies in prejudice and conceit; their termination in sorrow and self destruction. However, I sincerely hope that circumstances are different in your case. I maintain the opinion that your antipathy has been incidentally engendered by the noble spirit of emulation. Perhaps you can vindicate yourself in the struggle for self. At no time since history has been recorded has the sex conflict reached a more acute stage. You as a representative of a class that has for millenniums suffered all forms and manners of ignominious persecutions and needless oppression, naturally look upon man as the eternal Tiberius. Your very soul must cry out against the injustice meted out to you. Yet, while I agree with you, that women as a class have been robbed of their innate rights and inherent privileges for no other reason than 'might makes right,' I must condemn your attitude. None but petty natures will deny the present inferiority of woman as a class. Granted that fickleness is not a permanent attribute of woman. I will also concede that your inferiority as a class is transient, and will disappear when you are presented with the opportunities to show your antipathies? Your an

tagonistic attitude only imperils the attainment of great ends. Do you expect a corn harvest when you sow thistles? Neither can you expect your pettiness to call forth liberality in men. Disease follows on the trail of older and cruder generations.

There is an old saying that 'thoughts are mightier than armies.' Even your success is a failure, unless, you educate both men and women to the point where equality of the sexes will not even be challenged. This means hard, deliberate work, carefully planned and thoroughly executed. This cause does not call for swell-headed enthusiasm. It calls for educators, not agitators. It is by raising men and women to the elevation of love, and not by lowering them to the degradations of hatred and antipathy, that they will be brought to realize that their interests are in common. The cause of the woman calls for exhaustive, persevering work on the part of men and women who have grit in their bodies and gray matter inside their craniums.

If, however you have been actuated by motives other than aforementioned, I extremely resent your present state of mind, and rejoice because of the existing artificial barriers between us. Groundless antipathies which cannot be substantiated by good sociological reasons are generally followed by violent abnormal reactions. The very object adolescence scorns maturity covets. Nothing could be sad-

der than to find yourself betrayed by your own emotions. It must be patience to begin to learn the very elements of human nature after we have been accustomed to regard ourselves wiser than the sages.

I believe I have already said a great deal more than you are interested in. We have now reached the parting of the ways, and must leave all to the discretion of the Fates. Beware, the tables might turn. I do not mean to threaten. I am merely giving you fair warning."

I read and reread the above letter several times. It interested me, though I can not tell why. Perhaps it might also interest the readers of the "Gleaner." At times the sheets of paper would fade from my eyes and memory, and in their place I would see a distracted young man who amidst all the gaiety of Glenwood harbored self-torturing thoughts. "Fool," I thought to myself as though addressing him, "cease brooding over the past! The greatest penalties are those we inflict upon ourselves. Beyond doubt your words fell heedlessly. you are paying a just tribute, a penalty for recklessness. Still, if you care, this experience may not be like seeds sown in sterile soil. It will impress upon you what many a hero has confessed: It is easier to face the discharge of cannon than the mild eyes of a pretty woman. Linger not on the natural bent—flight is the only expedient."

Louis Kaskin, 15.



## The Cleaner

SAMUEL J. BILLIG, Editor-in-Chief

LOUIS KASKIN, Literature.

HARRY SHOR, Agriculture.

MILTON G. FRANK, Athletics.

SAMUEL DORFMAN, Class and Club

BENJAMIN WADE, Exchange.

NATHAN MARGAN, Art.

SAMUEL J. BILLIG, Business Manager.

P. HANCHARAU, Advertisements.

A. KREMEN, Circulation.

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## Editorial

Oct. 4, 1914 was the day set by President Wilson when all people of the United States, irrespective of creed, race or color should pray for peace. This act of our beloved President tends to show the feeling of our people on the present war.

Almost entire Europe is involved and one of our prayers should have been that He might cause His face to smile upon us and keep our hands clean.

Commerce is at a standstill and the effect it will have upon the warring nations is immeasurable. It will also have its effect upon the United States.

What will be the ultimate outcome is as yet to be seen. It seems however, that Germany will slowly but surely be beaten, and while that is taking place there goes with it many thousands of lives, many widows and many miserable

homes.

It seems that all religion which primarily teaches us "Love thy neighbor as thyself," has somewhat failed. This murdering of one another, this intent of ruining each other's nation is far beyond the teachings of God. It is the only hope and prayer of our people that He may lead us aright, bring peace and goodwill to all and teach us that the well being of our fellow-men may lie nearest to our hearts.

A short time ago the City of New York thought it had a plan whereby the High Cost of Living can be reduced. They opened four free markets at different congested sections of the city. No doubt these markets are a great benefit to the people inasmuch as it gives them an opportunity to buy fresh vegetables.

The plan originally was to have farmers of the neighboring country sell their merchandise direct to the consumer thereby omitting the middleman and reducing the cost of living. But has this plan succeeded? Instead of having the farmer only bring his goods to the market and selling it directly to the consumer the city allows peddlers and representatives of various commission men to sell side by side with him.

But wherein does this reduce the high cost of living? Who will set the prices for the merchandise? These questions are as yet to be answered. A few farmers who take advantage of this plan will un-

doubtedly make some living expenses will not become any less until some plan is devised by which all prices will be regulated.

A few months ago there was a big discussion about the arrangements of an inter-class track meet. This was supposed to have taken place some time ago, but we have yet to witness this event. Of course, football has come into full swing and has overshadowed all other sports but for pure sportsmanship we would like to see the inter-class track meet take place in the near future.

---

Mr. X: What kinds of farming are there?

Mr. Y: Extensive, intensive and retensive.—Ex.

---

Mendelssohn's Wedding March has been replaced by Boise Divorce March.

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Chinaman: "You telleh me where railroad depot?"

Native: "What's matter, John? Lost?"

Chinaman: "No, me here. Depot lost."—Ex.

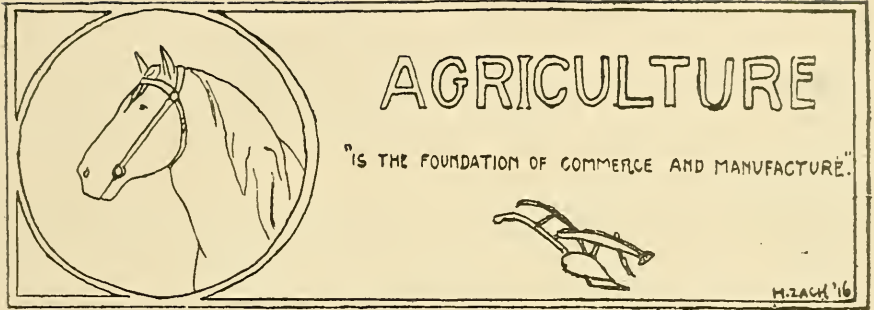
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A printer who had lost his position was hired as a waiter. One day a customer called him over to his table and said:

"See here, waiter, there is a needle in this soup!"

"Beg pardon, sir. Just a misprint. Should have been a noodle," said the waiter, absentmindedly.—Ex.





HARRY SHOR, *Editor*

One of the main reasons the farmer receives so very little of the original price paid by the consumer for farm products is due to the irascibility of producer and consumer dealing directly.

In many cases the produce goes through the commission merchant, the wholesaler and retailer, each adding to the price of the product. When it reaches the consumer the price of the article is nearly doubled.

While this method of disposing of farm products is an advantage to the farmer who wants to dispose of his load quickly, it has been proven that the price received after paying the commission merchants for disposing the produce, hardly pays for producing the crop.

By dealing directly with the consumer, the farmer in order to establish a reputable trade must furnish products of good quality, and can therefore demand a higher price for his produce.

The commission and middleman's profits are entirely done away by

dealing directly with the consumer and both the producer and consumer have the advantage of the price.

By dealing with the farmer the consumer has the advantage of receiving fresh products.

The union of farmer and consumer can best be accomplished by introducing city markets where farmers can drive in and sell right off the wagon. This method has been introduced recently in Jersey City and New York and has proven to be a success.

### *THE SELECTION OF CORN FOR SEED*

Much has been done towards improving the different species of plants. Particular attention has been given to the selection and breeding of corn on account of its being the main crop grown all over the United States, and one in which improvement can be seen more readily than in any other plant.

The selection of seed for corn should be made in the field and only stalks grown under normal

conditions, of medium size and bearing normal ears should be selected.

The ears should be of a cylindrical shape, medium size and light in weight. The kernels should be well filled out throughout the cob and fitted into the cob tightly. The entire cob should be covered with kernels.

The best results can be obtained by raising corn in breeding plots. The corn should be planted in rows and every other row should be detassled in order to prevent self pollination. All undesirable stalks should be cut down before the pollen appears.

After the seed has been selected it should be stored away in a room well ventilated and free from moisture. To prevent the mice from getting the corn it should be suspended on ropes attached to the ceiling.

Thoroughly dried corn will stand freezing temperature without any injury to the germ.

It is not how much you can produce; but how much can you produce profitably.

The successful farmer is the one who has a job for both clear and rainy weather.

Now is the time to get rid of all scrawny and unpromising pullets and cockerels, and particular attention should be paid to the breeding stock.

## NEWS OF THE FARM

We are enjoying a good crop of celery and cabbage.

Crysanthemums are in full bloom and we expect to reap a big harvest.

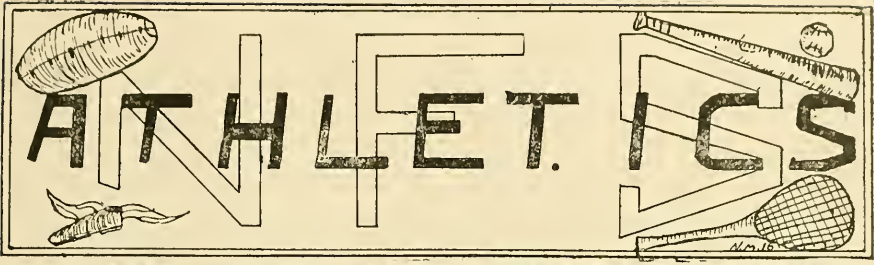
The carnations are well cared for and doing very nicely.

Three hundred and fifty bushels of pears and apples have been harvested already, and we are looking towards this yield to be double before the harvesting is over. Some of our orchardists are kept busy hunting borers.

The silos at the main barn have been filled. Owing to our good crop of silage corn it took less acreage of corn to fill the silo than ever before. Fall plowing and seeding is well under way.

The field corn at Farm No. 1, is the best ever produced on that farm. Although this dry spell has lowered the yield of sweet corn, we will more than make it up on our apples and pears.

We realized an excellent yield of silage corn at Farm No. 3. Some of it has been saved for exhibition. Owing to the lack of rain, our grass seed is slow in coming up. Fifty pullets and seventy-five hens have been taken down to market for the past month. Our pullets brought us an average of \$1.05 a piece, while our hens were equally a success.



MILTON G. FRANK, *Editor*

It is useless and in fact impossible to give sufficient honor and praise to our worthy coach James Work, for the excellent and energetic efforts he has made in behalf of Farm School in regard to its Football team.

In previous years, Farm School would consider itself highly proficient if successful in winning 2 or 3 games of their schedule, but now the loss of a single game is felt to be a calamity. This change is due to the interest Mr. Work still has in his Alma Mater and which he shows by his unceasing efforts to develop a football team of championship calibre.

This season he has moulded from green and inexperienced material a machine which promises to rank among the highest in its class.

This can be readily seen by the overwhelming score against Ambler and the notable showing made in the Perkiomen game which we lost by 1 point.

Farm School 79; Ambler High School, 0.

Saturday, Oct. 3, the football team started what promises to be

the best season in the history of the school my defeating Ambler High to the tune of 79-0. The game was too one-sided to be very interesting, and too easy to show up the different players and plays.

The forward pass occupied a prominent place in the game. Farm School working it consistently for good gains. Captain Semel, George and Nusbaum played the most spectacular game for the home team, while Kaufman at quarter played an excellent game.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Farm School</i>	<i>Ambler H. S.</i>
Nusbaum.....L. E.....	Smith
Helfand.....L. T.....	Wagner
Light.....L. G.....	Friend
Scligman.....C. ....	Harvey
Haucheran....R. G.....	Phillips
Bautman.....R. T.....	Foster
Stamen.....R. E.....	Rapp
Kaufman.....Q. B.....	Fox
Semel.....R. H. B.....	Plavell
(Capt.)	

Ross.....L. H. B....	Wendell
George.....F. B.....	Levinsky

Substitutes—Farm School: Feldman, Morenis, Citron, Light, Kashaowsky, Harkaway, Wolinsky, Ross, Helfand, Wagner.

Touchdowns: Semel, George, 4; Ross, 3; Chelsea, Helfand, Wagner, Kaufman. Goals from touchdown: George, 5; Light, 2. Referee: Prouty. Umpire: Davidson. Head Linesman: Billig. Length of periods: 10 minutes.

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#### Perkiomen Seminary 7; Farm School, 6.

On Saturday, Oct. 10, the team travelled to Pennsburg to play the strong Perkiomen Seminary team. Outclassed and outweighed, but not outplayed, they put up one of the pluckiest and hardest games ever seen on the Pennsburg grounds. Beaten on paper before they started the game, playing a team of recognized higher calibre, they nearly snatched a victory from the victors. The forward pass was used extensively by both sides, Farm School having a little the better of Perkiomen in its execution.

Farm School lost the toss and kicked to Perkiomen, who after failing to gain on three downs, punted to George, he fumbling and Perkiomen recovering the ball. On the next play Perkiomen got off a dandy forward pass for a touchdown, and Ross kicked the goal. The game had not been in progress two minutes, and the score stood 7-0 against Farm School. After this Farm School fathomed their forward passes, and they were unable to gain consistently for the rest of

the game, Farm School playing the best offensive game, and gaining continuously. After repeated hammerings at the line, and some perfect forward passes, George to Semel and Nusbaum, Ross went through left tackle for six yards and a touchdown. George failed to kick the goal. The score stood 7-6 favor Perkiomen before the end of the first quarter and the game ended without any other scoring. Both teams fought fiercely for the rest of the game, Farm School having the ball within Perkiomen's ten yard line three times, but lacking the punch, or luck, to put it over. The first time they lost the ball on a fumble, the second time on an uncompleted pass on the fourth down, and the third time by some very green playing on the part of Perkiomen, when Kaufman, who had gone through tackle for eight yards, was so mauled and mishandled on the one yard line, that when the whistle blew he had been pulled by his feet for some six yards, and the ball was in possession of a Perkiomen player. This was Farm School's last chance to score, and though both teams fought fiercely for the remainder of the game, neither side seemed to have the advantage. Perkiomen had the weight and brawn, while Farm School played a faster and more fierce game, with emphasis on the "more fierce." The punishment the Farm School line and backs took from the heavier Perkiomen backfield was inspiring, and won the acclaims of



the crowd Semel and George gained consistently for Farm School, while the work of Kaufman was a revelation, he playing the most sensational game for Farm School. Nusbaum at left end played a wonderful game on the offensive, while he and Semel received most of the forward passes. Captain Ruos was the star for Perkiomen.

The lineup was as follows:

<i>Farm School</i>	<i>Perkiomen Sem.</i>
Nusbaum....L. E.....	Gregory
Helfand.....L. T.....	Davis
Light.....L. G.....	Lawton
(Citron)	
Soligman.....C. ....	McMitt
(Light)	
Haucheran....R. G.....	Wagner
Bautman.....R. T.....	Shettler
(Harkaway)	(Lieber)
Stamen.....R. E.....	Bittig
	(Norgon)
Kaufman.....Q. B.....	Ruos
Ross.....L. H. B....	Dunston
(Wagner)	(Falconer)
Semel.....R. H. B.....	Akel
(Capt.)	
George.....F. B.....	Moyer
Touchdowns: Gregory, Ross.	
Goal from touchdown: Ruos. Ref-	
eree: Moyer. Umpire: Prouty.	
Linesman: Richards. Length of	
Periods: 12 minutes.	

All suggestions and advice pertaining to cats will be welcomed at the Greenhouse. Please see the manager.

When speaking of the cats, it would be well to mention Klein's name.

From the looks of things the Greenhouse will soon be turned into a circus. We already have the trained cats.

Klevansky wishes to advance two new discovered theories. He discovered that acorns can be grafted to calla lilies and apples to carnations.

"Sleep, thou art a gentle thing." Is a quotation I have read, But the poet made a grave mistake, Instead of Sleep, he should have Football.

Stamen: "Red" why don't you come out for football practice? You are big and husky?"

Klevansky: "Well I'm afraid I might hurt the other fellow."

Work in reclaiming our meadow is well under way. We baled about 100 tons of hay which is to be shipped to Philadelphia in car lots.

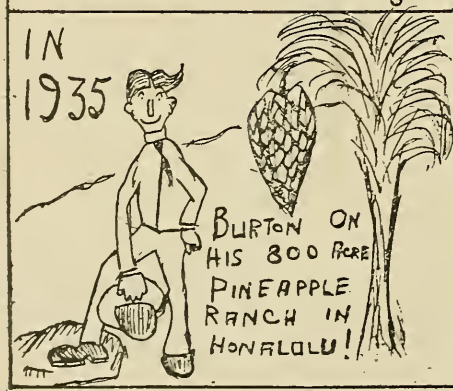
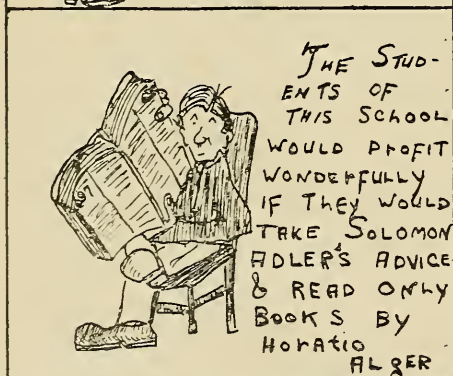
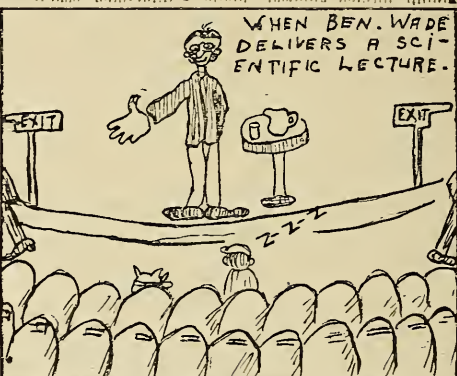
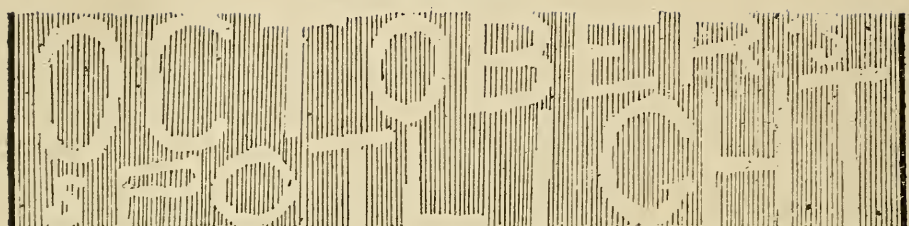
In Agriculture, the head and the muscle is required. Too much of one without the other means failure.

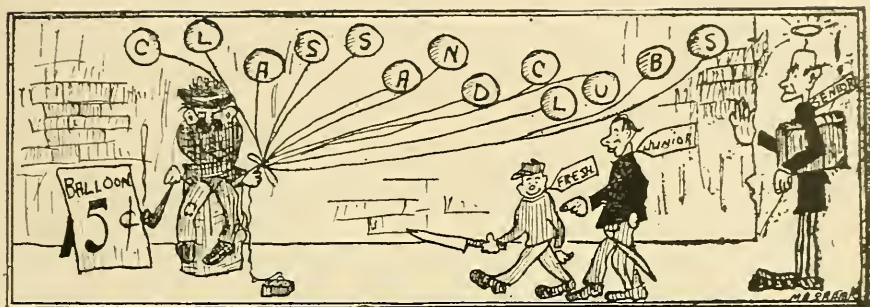
**SHE WOULD TAKE IT ALONG**

The precise but somewhat broken English of Madame Schumann-Heink is one of her charms. While in a Western city she found herself in immediate need of toilet powder. In her practical way she stepped into a drug store herself to buy it.

"Will you have it scented?" inquired the clerk.

"No, I will take it vid me." crisply replied the great singer.



SAMUEL DORFMAN, *Editor*

## Class of 1915

Seven of our men have won regular berths on the Varsity football team.

Kaskin has paid us a visit recently, and for unforeseen circumstances can not remain with us. Although he is not with us in person he is with us in spirit all the time.

H. S.

## 1916

The "survival of the fittest" is constantly pressing at our midst. Two more have deserted our ranks to fight the battle of life. Otherwise our class more than ever is fitting itself to attain the goal.

This year our class was ably represented on the 'Varsity Football team.

We have already begun class football practice as we expect to meet a strong opponent in the Freshman class.

B. Wade

## Class of 1917

The Annual Football Rally, given by our class was attended with great success, owing to diligent work of our members.

This important feature marked the opening of the 1914 football season.

New members are being admitted to our class, of whom we have great expectations.

L. B.

## Literary Society

Still alive. Although the recent vacation hindered our work, we nevertheless are progressing.

Several speakers from Philadelphia will address us the coming winter.

We mourn the loss of our president, Mr. Kaskin, who through unforeseen reasons left the school to meet the world.

B. Wade

## NATURE STUDY CLUB

During the summer no regular meetings have been held, because of the outside work, but our members have done considerable collecting and observing of plants, buds, insects, etc.

Regular meetings will be held every month and members will be assigned special subjects to up and report on. At the last business meeting a constitution was drawn up and adopted. We extremely regret the loss of Mr. Ross, who left in the early part of the season.

Some interesting field trips have been taken under the able guidance of our instructor, Miss Borden. The growing interest shown by the students has fully justified the existence of the Club.

Elmer Klein, '15  
Secretary

## OUR NEW SONG

Tune of "Good-bye Boys"  
Three cheers boys, Farm School is  
winning a vict'ry,  
Three cheers boys, this game will  
go down in history  
Keep on fighting for ev'ry inch and  
yard,  
When you tackle them, just throw  
them hard  
Fight like soldiers bold,  
For your colors, Green and Gold,  
So, three cheers boys.

## OUR FIRST VICTORY

Farm School boys are happy and  
I'll tell you the reason,  
This football game commences the  
1914 season.

Ambler High School starts the  
game by kicking off to us,  
And in the first minute of play, a  
touchdown's made by Ross.

Many were made by our halfbacks,  
full and quarter,

The overwhelming vict'ry o'er Am-  
bler was a slaughter,

So boys get together, we'll cheer  
our victory,

Follow your cheer-leader, ready  
now, One! Two! Three:

Cheesaracker, Biffaracker, Wiff-  
wack boomerang, bing, bang  
bold,

Who are we for,  
Green and Gold,  
Farm School, Farm School,  
Team, Team, Team!

Tune: "What's The Matter With  
Father?"

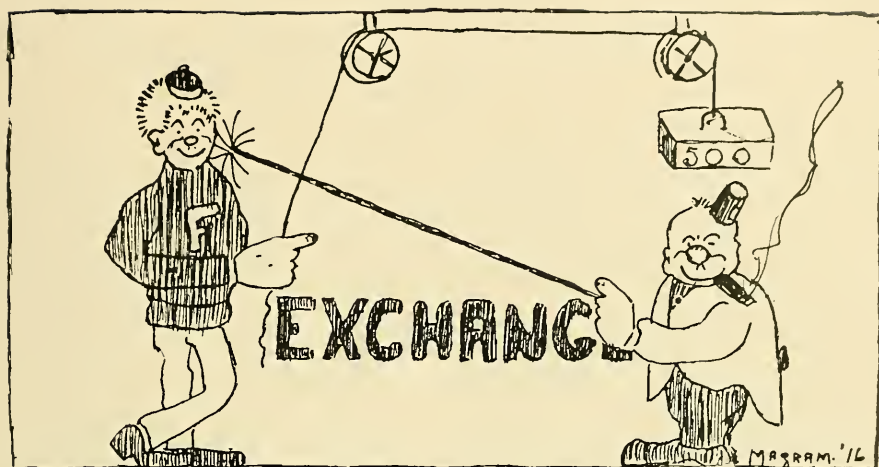
What's the matter with Farm  
School? ..

They're all right  
What's the matter with Farm  
School?

They sure can fight.  
The halves go 'round for a fifty  
yard run,  
Our fullback goes through like  
a son-or-a-gun.

So what's the matter with Farm  
School,  
They're all right.





BENJAMIN WADE, *Editor*

With thanks we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges:

The Ides, (George School), Shamokin High School Review, The Archive, The Blue and Gray, Southron, the Record (Sioux City), the Mirror (Bethlehem, Pa.), the Mt. Airy World, the High School Recorder, (B'klyn, N. Y.), the Student, (Covington, Ky.), Hilltop, the School Review, the Academy Scholium, Delaware College Review (Newark, Delaware), the Irwinian, the Old Gold and Blue, Garnet and White, the Bulletin, (Montclair, N. J.), the H. A. S. Record, the Jeffersonian, the Commerce Caravel, the Advocate, Vail-Deane Budget, the Oracle, (Cincinnati, O.), the Spectator, Red and Black (Tampa, Fla.), the Normal Review, Orient, Courier.

We would like to hear from more of our exchange friends who have been rather slow in coming.

If there is anyone still doubting the biological relationship between Man and animal, let him come to Farm School and examine our two noble "Tobies." He will surely be convinced of his ignorance.

Mr. Eaton (in dairy class): Boys when selecting a cow, see that she has a wedge-shaped body and a large udder, etc.

M——(pointing to picture on the wall of a champion bull) "Why hasn't that cow a wedge-shaped body and a large udder?"

Don't blame him boys!—Ed.

Seligman: "Why didn't you milk this morning Zack?"

Zack: "I had a boil on my leg."

## With Our Graduates

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The annual Fall exercises and consecration of festive and memorial trees of the National Farm School which are to be held on the campus on Oct 18, will extend another opportunity to our graduates to visit once more in a body dear Alma Mater and relate their experiences to the boys who in the course of time will avail themselves of the same opportunity. Segal Hall will be the meeting place of the National Farm School Alumni Association which will then have a reunion. We hope that the stories which the graduates will relate will prove a splendid encouragement to the students of the school.

L. Ginsburg, '13, is located at Fountain, Mass., where he is engaged in diversified farming and cattle raising.

Carl H. Cahn '13, is manager of a large plantation in Arkansas, where he is quite successful.

Julius Ullman, '14, is building up a herd of Holstein cows at Narvon, Pa., where he is engaged as a dairyman. He expects to buy a dairy farm of his own in Georgia, next spring.

Benj. Goldberg, '11, is managing a large farm at Mohegan Lake, New York, which was previously under the care of Samuel Rocklin, '11.

Emanuel Wahsh, '10, is taking a course in landscape gardening at the Art School of Philadelphia.

Max Malish, '04, who recently purchased a fifty-six acre farm at Pipersville, Bucks county, Pa., is quite successful. He is in the midst of developing a good general and dairy farm.

Henry Berg '09, is engaged in poultry business at East Mansfield, Mass.

T. S. Capek, '13, is operating a farm of his own at Elmwood, Conn.

Isidor Leff, '11, owns a dairy farm at Novelty, Ohio.

During the summer a number of graduates visited the school. Among them were Chas. Horn, Louis Atkatz, Ullman, Stern and Aldalia.

Harry Frank, '07, is the manager of a land company of Chicago, Ill.

Louis Leib, '08, is managing an estate at Hopewell, New Jersey.

Doc (in class): (I want you to be familiar with these formulas.

Student: Familiarity breeds contempt.

### WANTED TO SEE

Woodrow Wilson has a very quick wit. A man, in the course of an animated conversation, noticing that Mr. Wilson's eyeglasses were perched perilously near the tip of his nose, remarked: "Your glasses, Governor, are almost on your mouth."

"That's all right," was the quick response. "I want to see what I'm talking about."

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